

Nicholas Arthur

KILBURN

MEMORIAL CONCERT SERIES

2004 Season

Presenting

Nathan Berg, baritone

with

Roger Admiral, piano

Friday, March 5, 2004

8:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

Arts Building
University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Nathan Berg appears by permission of IMG Artists Management

Program

Morgen!, Op. 27, #4 (1894) Richard Strauss
Zueignung, Op. 10, #1 (1884) (1864-1959)
Ich Liebe dich, Op. 37, #2 (1897)
Befreit, Op. 39, #4 (1898)

Don Quichotte a Dulcinée (1933) Maurice Ravel
Chanson romanesque (1875-1937)
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121 (1896) Johannes Brahms
I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen (1833-1897)
II. Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle
III. O Tod, wie bitter bist du
IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete

Intermission

Chanson triste (1868; rev. 1902) Henri Duparc
Soupir (1869; rev. 1902) (1848-1933)
La Vie antérieure (1884; rev. 1902)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840) Robert Schumann
I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (1810-1856)
II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
VI. Im Rhein, im schonen Strome
VII. Ich grolle nicht
VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen
IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
X. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen
XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
XIII. Ich hab im Traum geweinet
XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder

CBC Radio Two is pleased to share tonight's performance with Canadians from coast to coast through a broadcasts on the programs "In Performance" with host Eric Friesen and "Our Music" with host Catherine McClelland. You can listen to "In Performance" every weekday at 8:00 pm and to "Our Music" every Sunday at noon on CBC Radio Two, 90.9 FM.

IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen redete

(Corinthians I, 13)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith,
so that I could remove mountains,
and have not charity,
I am nothing,
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
and have not charity,
it profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a glass,
darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part;
but then I shall know
even as also I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
these three:
but the greatest of these is charity.

Chanson triste

(Jean Lahor)

In our heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows,
my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Soupir

(Sully Prudhomme)

Never to see nor to hear her,
never to call out her name,
But, faithfully, always to wait for her,
Always to love her!
To open one's arms out, and tired of waiting,
To close them on the void!
But yet, always to hold them out to her,
Always to love her,
Ah! - nothing left but to hold them out to her
And to exhaust oneself in tears,
Always to shed these tears,
Always to love her ...
Never to see nor to hear her,
Never to call out her name
But with a love, always more tender
Always to love her. Always!

La Vie antérieure

(Charles Baudelaire)

I dwelled a long time in vast pillared halls
Which the sun rays of the sea coloured with a thousand
lights,
And which their great columns, straight and majestic,
Made, at night, alike to grottos of basalt.
The surging waves, rolling along the reflections of the
skies,
Intermingled in a solemn and mystical way
The all-powerful chords of their rich music
With the sunset's hues reflected in my eyes ...
There, there is where I lived in calm voluptuousness
Amidst the azure, the waves and the splendors,
Amidst nude slaves impregnated with scents,
Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves,
And whose sole care was bent on fathoming
The painful mystery that made me languish.

Dichterliebe

(Heinrich Heine)

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the marvellous month of May
when all the buds were bursting,
then in my heart did
love arise.
In the marvellous month of May
when all the birds were singing,
then did I reveal to her
my yearning and longing.

II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

From my tears there spring
up many blossoming flowers.
And my sighs turn into
a choir of nightingales.
And if you love me,
child,

I will give you all the flowers,
and at your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
once, rapt with love, I loved them all.
I love them no more, I love only
her who is small, exquisite, chaste, unique.
She, all loving rapture, herself
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

When I gaze into your eyes
all my pain and grief vanishes;
then when I kiss your mouth
I am made wholly and completely well.
When I lean on your bosom
joy as of heaven comes upon me;
but when you say "I love you;"
I must weep bitterly.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I long to sink my soul
within the cup of the lily;
the lily would sing in whispers
a song of my beloved.
The song would tremble and quiver
like the kiss from her mouth
that once she gave me
in an hour of wondrous sweetness.

VI. Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

In the Rhine, the holy river,
there in the waves is reflected
with its mighty cathedral,
mighty, holy Cologne.
In the cathedral there hangs a picture
painted on golden leather;
into the wilderness of my life
it has shed its friendly beams.

VI. Im Rhein, im schönen Strome (cont'd)

Flowers and angels hover there
round Our Lady;
her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
are exactly like my beloved's.

VII. Ich grolle nicht

I do not complain, even if my heart is breaking,
love lost for ever! I do not complain.
Even though you gleam with the glory of diamonds
no gleam falls into the night of your heart.
I knew it long ago - I saw you in my dreams
and saw night in the confines of your heart,
and saw the viper that gnaws at your bosom;
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

If only the flowers, little as they are, could know
how deeply wounded is my heart,
they would weep with me
to heal my sorrow.
If only the nightingales knew
how sad and sick I am,
they would gladly pour out
their refreshing song.
If only they knew my woe,
those golden stars,
they would come down from aloft
and speak comfort to me.
They can none of them know,
one only knows my sorrow;
she herself has made the rent,
has rent my heart asunder.

IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There is fluting and fiddling,
trumpets are blaring within.
There in the wedding circle dances
the best beloved of my heart.
There is a hubbub and a din,
drumming and piping,
and in between are sobbing and wailing
the dear angels.

X. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

When I hear the sound of the song
that once my beloved sang,
my bosom is near to bursting
with the savage strain of sorrow.
A dark longing drives me
up to the woody heights;
there in tears is released
my overwhelming woe.

XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A lad loves a girl;
she has chosen another.
That other loves another,
and it is this one he has married.
The girl out of anger accepts
the first good man
who crosses her path;
the lad is hard hit.
It is an old tale
but it remains ever new,
and when it has just happened to a man
his heart breaks in twain.

XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

On a gleaming morning in summer
I pace about in the garden.
The flowers they whisper and speak,
but I wander speechless.
The flowers they whisper and speak,
and look at me compassionately:
"Do not be cross with our sister,
you sorrowful, pale-faced man!"

XIII. Ich hab im Traum geweinet

I wept in my dreams,
I dreamed you lay in the grave;
I awoke, and the tears
still poured down my cheeks.
I wept in my dreams,
I dreamed you had left me;
I awoke and I went on weeping
long and bitterly.
I wept in my dreams,
I dreamed you were still kind to me;
I awoke, and still
the flow of my tears streams on.

XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume

All night in dreams I see you,
and see you greet me warmly,
and crying aloud I throw myself
at your sweet feet.
You look at me sadly
and shake your fair head.
From your eyes there are stealing
teardrops like pearls.
Secretly you speak to me a hushed word,
and give me a branch of cypress.
I wake up, and the branch is gone
and I have forgotten the word.

XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es

From old tales someone waves
out with a white hand;
there is singing, and there are sounds
of a magical land.
Where gay flowers bloom
in golden evening light,
and, sweetly smelling, glow
with faces radiant as brides.
And green trees are singing
the tunes of long ago;
the breezes sound softly
and birds twitter there.
And misty shapes rise
up out of the ground,
and dance in airy circles,
a wondrous assembly.
And azure sparks are burning
on every leaf and twig,
and crimson lights are running
in circles hither and thither.
And noisy springs are bursting
from the unhewn marble rock,
and strangely in the streams
glows the reflection.
Ah! could I but go there,
and there make my heart happy,
and be relieved of all sorrows,
and be free and full of joy.
Ah! that land of rapture,
I see it often in my dreams;
but the sun comes at morning
and dispels it like empty bubbles.

XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder

The old and evil songs,
the dreams so evil and bad,
let us bury them now -
fetch an enormous coffin.
In it I'll lay plenty
(but I don't yet say what it is);
the coffin must be even larger
than the tun of Heidelberg.
And fetch a funeral bier
and planks firm and thick;
it too must be even longer
than the bridge at Mainz.
And then fetch me twelve giants;
they must be mightier even
than mighty St. Christopher
in the cathedral of Cologne on the Rhine.
They shall carry the coffin away
and sink it deep in the sea;
for such a huge coffin
demands a huge grave.
Do you know why the coffin must be so huge and
heavy?
I want to sink my love
and my sorrow in it.

Born in Saskatchewan, **Nathan Berg's** vocal studies took him from Canada to America and Paris and finally to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, where he studied with Vera Rozsa. Winner of the Gold Medal for Singers at the Guildhall, he has also won prizes in the Royal Overseas League, Peter Pears, Kathleen Ferrier and Walther Gruener lieder competitions.

He has given recitals in England at the Blackheath Concert Hall, the Wigmore Hall in London, the Harrogate International Festival and the Three Choirs Festival. Other recital venues have included the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, Detroit and Montréal for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He has toured extensively with such distinguished conductors as Kurt Masur, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Christoph Dohnányi, Philip Herreweghe, Jan Tortelier, Roger Norrington, Helmut Rilling and Raymond Leppard, singing repertoire from Bach and Handel oratorios to Mahler song cycles. Recently he sang Schubert songs with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Michael Tilson Thomas, Schubert's Mass in A flat at the BBC Proms with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Jiri Belohlávek, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Tanglewood, and his debut at the Edinburgh Festival in a Hugo Wolf recital.

Operatic roles have included Figaro in *Le Nozze di Figaro* in Nice, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* for Welsh National Opera, Masetto in *Don Giovanni* and Mercurio in *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* for Netherlands Opera, Leporello for Tourcoing Opera and Schaunard for the Canadian Opera Company. Most recently he has sung the roles of Leporello and Masetto in the new Peter Brook production of *Don Giovanni*, conducted by Claudio Abbado and Daniel Harding in Lyon, Milan, Brussels and Tokyo, and *Les Indes Galantes* at the Bastille.

Recent engagements have included performances of the Mozart *C minor Mass* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and *The Seasons* in Atlanta, Mozart's *Requiem* with The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, *Missa Solemnis* in Baltimore, Bach's *B minor Mass* (BWV 232) in Boston, Händel's *Rinaldo* with The Academy of Ancient Music and Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

Among his recordings is an appearance in the Hyperion Schubert Edition Volume 29 with Marjana Lipovšek and Graham Johnson, in which he performs the twenty-minute epic *Einsamkeit*. As well his discography includes a recording of Mendelssohn songs and duets with Sophie Daneman and Eugene Asti (Hyperion) and recordings of Rameau's *Zorastre* and Handel's *Theodora* with Les Arts Florissants (Erato).

Roger Admiral completed a Doctor of Music degree at the University of Alberta. His main teachers include Helmut Brauss, Peter Smith and Virginia Blaha. With help from the Johann Strauss Foundation, Roger also studied Lied-duo at the Mozarteum in Salzburg. Recent performances include a recital with baritone Nathan Berg on the Great Performers series at Lincoln Center, New York City and with mezzo-soprano Marie-Nicole Lemieux at the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra's *Symphony Under the Sky*. Currently Roger works in Edmonton and performs as part of the Kovalis Duo with Montreal percussionist Philip Hornsey.

In May Roger will be featured soloist in Howard Bashaw's new chamber concerto "minimalisms" performed by Toronto's New Music Concerts, Robert Aitken conducting. This concert will be recorded at the Glenn Gould Studio and co-presented by "Two New Hours" on CBC Radio Two.

Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Concert Series

In 1980, Peter Kilburn made a substantial contribution to the Department for the purpose of initiating the Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Concerts, a series of concerts by world renowned artists. Over the years, he contributed even more money, wisdom and guidance to the project, to the point that now the fund provides not only for the yearly N.A.K. Concert, but also supports a series of six to eight other concerts yearly given by Faculty and friends here at the University.

The name of Kilburn at this University stands for generosity, vision and dedication to excellence in music performance, and is responsible in no small measure for the reputation the Department of Music enjoys across the country.

This series of annual concerts is organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his late sons Nicholas Weldon and Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929). The presence of *Nathan Berg* here tonight is made possible by the generosity of the Kilburn family.

- 1981: Jorge Bolet, pianist
- 1982: (spring) York Winds
- 1982: (fall) Vancouver Chamber Choir
- 1983: Shura Cherkassky, pianist
- 1984: Guy Fallot, cellist
- 1985: Elly Ameling, soprano
- 1986: Eugene Istomin, pianist
- 1987: Franco Gulli, violinist
- 1988: Maureen Forrester, contralto
- 1989: Marek Jablonski, pianist
- 1990: Joseph Swensen, violinist
- 1991: Kaaren Erickson, soprano
- 1992: Detlef Kraus, pianist
- 1993: Ofra Harnoy, cellist
- 1994: Heinz Holliger, oboist
- 1995: Louis Quilico, baritone
- 1996: Stephen Hough, pianist
- 1997: Antonin Kubalek, pianist
with Ivan Zenaty, violinist
- 1998: David Higgs, organist
- 1999: Edith Wiens, soprano
- 2000: Convivium, keyboard trio
- 2001: Claude Frank, piano
- 2002: Jens Lindemann, trumpet

